

SACRIFICE

11

Sanyasi, by the roadside

How small is this earth and
con-
fined, watched and followed
by the
persistent horizons. The trees,
houses,
and crowd of things are
pressing upon
my eyes. The light, like a
cage, has
shut out the dark eternity ;
and the
hours hop and. cry within its
barriers,
like prisoned birds. But
why are
these noisy men rushing on,
and for
what Jguypos^? They seem
always
afraid of missing something,—
the
something that never comes
to their
hands,

[The crowd pastes.

(Enter a VILLAGE EUDEK and

Two

WOMEN.)